

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1913.

WHY CLEAN-UP?

Let us consider clean-up time frankly.

The main point is the disgrace of cleaning-up once a year. The old jest of the annual bath is not very funny after all. Why should Richmond remain unclean for twelve months? Why should the people want neat and spotless premises once a year? Why should the Street Cleaning Department make such a fuss over what is its daily job? What Richmond really needs is fifty-two clean-up weeks a year. The present cleaning should set the standard for all the future. We never want to get any dirtier than we will be at the end of this rubbing and polishing. Let us make that resolve.

Again, if we want to reach this ideal of perpetual cleanliness each citizen will have to attend to his share every day. There must be no neglect for weeks and then a sporadic and hasty attempt to get rid of what has been allowed to pile up around the house. Filth does not wait for weeks to putrefy and become a breeding place for flies and so for disease. It begins at once. There is no dirt week; every week is suitable for that. Just now, when the hot weather is coming, it is more important than ever that we keep everything clean. Do it day by day, little by little, in a few moments, and it will cost less and be productive of better results than a terrible effort once a year. Cities and homes want to get rid of the house-cleaning period. Keep clean always—then house-cleaning is unnecessary.

Finally, note that cleanliness is an individual duty that has a social effect. Nobody can make you keep clean, and any such effort is repudiated scornfully. Yet the dust you allow to accumulate is the dust that blows into your neighbor's house, and the flies that breed in your filth are the flies that give a whole region the typhoid fever. You ought to keep clean for your own sake, and you must keep clean for the sake of the other fellow. You owe that duty to society, for disease is no respecter of fences or front yards. It will enter your home from another as quickly as it enters another from yours.

To these ideas, we add a postscript: the Street Cleaning Department will get a running start from this co-operative effort of all the citizens to put the town shipshape. If this department is ever going to justify its existence and the money it spends, now is the time to begin.

ET TU, MARTINE!

James Edward Martine, senior Senator from New Jersey by the grace of Woodrow Wilson, has been doing a lot of talking lately in Missouri in the course of which he said that if William Jennings Bryan is a candidate at the next general election nothing can prevent him from being elected to the presidency. He took another shot at President Wilson in again pointing out that one of the planks in the Baltimore platform of the Democratic party favors a single presidential term. Nobody knows what that declaration means. It was this same man Martine who, in the discussion in the Senate over the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution limiting the President to one term, asserted that Woodrow Wilson personally favors the principle. So much he said, in spite of the fact that Mr. Wilson has never expressed himself upon the policy involved. His Democratic colleagues expostulated with Senator Martine in an endeavor to get him to retract the statement or stop talking, but under the skillful persuasion of Senator Dixon, of Montana, Roosevelt's campaign manager last year, the rough-neck statesman from New Jersey went right ahead manufacturing campaign material for the Republicans and the Progressives in future campaigns.

James Edward Martine was a political nobody two years ago. He was a Democrat, who, because of long party drudgery, was the Democratic nominee for United States Senator in a Democratic primary in what had been for a decade and more a heavily Republican State. When the Democratic party was swept into power in New Jersey, with Woodrow Wilson at the head of it as Governor, ex-Senator James Smith, Jr., the Democratic boss of the State, began to lay plans to be elected United States Senator by the Democratic Legislature. It was then that Woodrow Wilson showed his strong hand. He declared that since Martine was the nominee of the Democratic party in its own primary, the Democratic Legislature was bound to elect him to the Senate. His contention prevailed against tremendous odds in a fight that fastened national attention upon New Jersey and New Jersey's courageous Governor, who insisted that the Democratic party must keep faith with the people. It was Woodrow Wilson who took Martine from his sandy fields and his carrot beds and planted him for six years in the Senate of the United States. Without Wilson, Martine was as useless politically as a child. Strong mentally is not one of the Martine attributes. It is a better man from the view-

point of good government than is James Smith, Jr., but Smith is infinitely his superior in intelligence and judgment.

Why should Martine so patently exhibit his ingratitude in such utterances as those in the Senate chamber some months ago and in Missouri last week? He has done nothing to help the man who helped him more than all other men before had ever helped him. Good taste should cause him to refrain from saying things not calculated to help the man who has been his best friend. Martine's has been the unkindest cut of all. He stultifies himself in biting the hand that made him, but it may be said with a grain of charity that he probably does not know any better. He is more whiskers than brains.

"YOU'RE IT" TO-DAY.

It is up to you. Are thousands of sick babies in Richmond to be nursed back to health this next year? Are the visiting nurses to pay again 24,000 visits annually to the poverty-stricken sick men, women and children, black and white, of Richmond? Are thousands of lives to be saved in the next twelve months through the care and the preventive methods taught by these gentle ministers of health? Is the public health of Richmond to be made better next year than it was this year? Are these women who guide thousands to the road of health, happiness and life to cease their work? Are thousands of helpless babies of Richmond to become blind or die because their mothers cannot be taught what to do for them? It is up to you.

Unless you do your part, the work will have to cease. It is simple and easy for you to help. Buy a tag to-day. That is all you need to do—the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Association will do the rest. These nurses are supported by the proceeds derived from the sale of the little red and white emblems. Each tag is a bullet in the war on ignorance and disease. With the mite you give, some baby's life will be saved and happiness will be restored to the heavy heart of some poor mother. With the mite you give, you buy health and life for some man, woman or child. With the mite you give, the sick are healed, the ignorant are taught how to avoid disease and how to preserve life, the poor are comforted and the heavy-laden are uplifted. With the mite you give, such relief and peace is bought for minds and bodies that thousand of prayers of gratitude will rise from hovel and tenement to bless you, and the hearts of the weary mothers who crouch at the cradle side will be made glad.

It is up to you. Give what you can. "You're it" to-day. Wear a tag as an outward symbol of your inward love for humanity.

THE FOLKS DOWN AT SCUTARI.

Do you ever think of the folks down at Scutari? The name is familiar to every newspaper reader in the country, and has been for some months, but who knows where Scutari is, and why it is being fussed over, and what the people do to amuse themselves Sunday afternoons? We do not, and yet the heart goes out to the Scutarians, and we wonder how life is treating them while history is making around them.

The cable is a wonderful strainer of the news. It cuts off all the meaty human quality that home news has. Distance not only lends enchantment, but so much so that the far places become mythical and unreal. For us, Scutari might be only the name of a castle on a diplomatic chessboard, but how different for the folks who call it home. The headlines that we scan daily over the grape-fruit spell life and death to these of our brethren. Each fresh move in the game of national pride and greed stirs through the town with the speed of fire, and thousands of humble folk try to figure out what it means to them and their children. They were besieged six months, and then captured by the valiant Montenegrins, after a bloody assault. The powers then declared that Scutari was to be part of a little confederacy of states. King Nicholas thought it should belong to him, and marched in with his army and defied Austria to take it away. Now, he is to be bought off with other territory, and the city is left to be disposed of by the powers.

That sounds like mathematics or long-ago history. What we wonder is whether the children are playing in the shadows of the shattered walls, and whether lovers are talking sweet nonsense as all the world over in the spring. Will the siege keep them from having a good baseball team this year? Or do they know the consolations of the great game? How is the cost of living in Scutari, and do the women want to vote? The news reports tell none of the real life of this town that has become famous. We wish we could see a picture of a Scutari baby, or a dog-fight, or somebody digging in the front yard. It is inhuman for great issues to be settled around a mere name. They might at least send us some moving pictures of this mysterious place.

After all, we suppose Scutari is kin to the rest of us. The people quarrel and make up and try to shine in society or make fortunes out of other people's troubles, and go to church whenever church comes, and finally die in exactly the same way the human being does elsewhere. If so, though we have never met any of them, we send our love, and hope the crops will do fine this summer, and things look up a bit after the war.

THAT PARTIAL BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Will the beautiful and extensive literature of the South ever get its true recognition in America? It seems doubtful, despite the serious and persistent efforts of Southern scholars and literati, to gather and exploit the treasures of prose and poetry written for 200 years south of the Mason and Dixon line. The latest historian of our national literature who has forgotten the South seems to be Prof. Brander Matthews. His textbook, "Introduction to the Study of American Literature," has been soundly rated by Mrs. Randolph Leigh, State historian of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Alabama. She declares that it should not be used in the Alabama high schools, and her criticism has been seriously considered by teachers and principals. She says the book is falsely labeled like strawberry jam made of turnips, grass-seed, glucose and dyes.

The same old story of ignorance or prejudice is retold. Of the twenty-eight portraits the book contains, only two are of Southern authors—Poe and Joel Harris. Of 288 literary contributions listed by the author, only twenty-four are from pens of Southerners. Not a single poem of Lanier's is named by title, and Timrod is disposed of in one sentence. Selections are given from Hallock and Drake, and none from Poe, Seton-Thompson is mentioned, but not Audubon. Lowell gets eighteen pages, while Thomas Nelson Page gets nothing.

Now Brander Matthews is a very charming man, but he is not a very deep student or an admirable critic. He is superficial and brilliant, without depth and stability. Yet it does seem strange that he falls a victim to the error that the South has produced no literature. We verily believe that if you draw a line from Washington to St. Louis and measure the literature produced on the northern and southern sides, you will find that in quantity, beauty, permanence and style the South has for two centuries made a better showing than the North. It is time so-called literary historians were waking up to this fact. It is not a theory, or a sectional sentiment, or a dream. It is a fact to be evidenced by the written word.

It was true when Byrd and Fithian and Jefferson wrote; it is true to-day, when James Lane Allen, John Fox and Tom Page write. Take our own case. Is there any other town in America that has produced more best sellers in recent years? "Queed" was inspired here. Mary Johnston got her material for "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" right here. What is hailed as the best novel of the spring was written by a lady who lived on Main Street—the "Virginia" of Ellen Glasgow. Take it at any time and any degree of longitude. Dr. Bagby is every bit as funny and racy and human as Mark Twain. John Esten Cooke was more of a realist than Fenimore Cooper. Clay and Calhoun were orators of the same rank as Webster.

If the unwise gentlemen of the North need proof, let them examine the dozen volumes of the "Library of Southern Literature," gotten out at the University of Virginia. They will find there a list of genius unequalled by any other region of the land. Let them read a little volume called "Southern Poets," recently issued by Dr. Charles Kent, of the university. They will be enlightened and also liberalized.

We have no feeling against the Northern writers. All we do say is that critical justice must put the South on equal terms. Not to do so is a sign of ignorance or jealousy.

POLITICAL CLUB TAX CONFERENCE.

Wisely has the West End Citizens' Association determined to devote its next meeting, on May 15, to the consideration and discussion of tax reform. The issue of supreme concern to the people of Virginia to-day. Popular attention is being directed to the subject through community meetings in many sections of Virginia; it is high time that the people in the towns and cities should confer upon this grave problem. The discussion at the meeting of the West End Citizens' Association will be led by one who, by general agreement, is considered the best qualified man to talk about tax reform in Virginia. Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, technical expert of the late Virginia State Tax Commission. When he has summed up the case against our present system of taxation, members of the association will contribute their view to the discussion. The result of such a meeting of interested people will be of inevitable benefit to the community and to the State. The Times-Dispatch trusts that the example of the West End Citizens' Association will be imitated by every other political club in Richmond, and, if possible, in every other community in the Commonwealth.

Just after the nine from Fredericksburg College had badly beaten McGuire's at baseball yesterday afternoon, an urchin ran up to the first man who came outside the ball park. "Who won?" he asked. "Fredericksburg College," was the answer. "Who was the other team?" the lad persisted, and the man replied, jestingly, "Yale." "Yale?" the boy asked, doubtfully. "Who's Yale?"

Dr. Osler's counsel to Yale students to "take no thought of the future" was altogether unnecessary.

Norfolk sent the cream of her baseball to Richmond, but after a little experience with the Colts they became whipped cream.

Why is Vice-President Marshall so silent? Haven't heard from him lately.

Two litigious citizens of Kiowa County, Oklahoma, went to law over \$7.75, and one received a judgment of \$175 after the total costs in the case had run up to \$175. Just like litigation in Virginia.

The only professor at Yale whose course is more popular than Professor William Howard Taft's is Professor William Lyon Phelps, and the students of Richmond College who heard the latter's lectures here this year will doubtless ratify the opinion of Eli's boys.

The Fredericksburg Free Lance announces that the wife of an Albemarle apple grower has presented her husband with triplets twice in two years. The Manassas Journal is of the opinion that "Pa" should "quit the apple industry and engage in the pair business."

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Statesman Paraded.

Oh, Democratic Congressman, We do not look at you with greedy eyes Upon the snap you've got.

No horde of office-seekers camps Upon our porch at night To tackle us with phony claims Of the first streak of light.

They do not dog our footsteps when We amble down the street; We do not find them 'neath our bed Or hide behind the teet.

They do not put us in a hole Until our mind is frayed, Reminding us of promises That we have never made.

Oh, Democratic Congressman, You're welcome to our job; We're satisfied to plod along The same old common slob.

Electricity as a Food.

Mr. Bergonie is a gentleman. He is also an eminent French doctor. This may sound slightly incongruous or paradoxical, but it is a fact nevertheless.

Mr. Bergonie has solved the high cost of living by means of electricity. In other words, he claims to have made electricity take the place of food. According to him, the electric juice will furnish the body with nourishment.

Mr. Bergonie has tried his idea on a man weighing only 110 pounds, who had not been receiving sufficient nutrition. In a short time this man was fat and sunny. Electricity did it. It furnishes the heat for the body which is usually furnished by food. Of course, you understand this. We don't, but there is no reason why you shouldn't. Mr. Bergonie understands it anyhow, which is the main thing.

This is going to be a great thing, we believe. The poor man who owns an eighty-horsepower Mercedes and cannot afford to buy food and gasoline both and is slowly starving to death can go out in his garage three times a day and disconnect the wires of his storage battery and consume all the electricity that he needs. This will take the place of breakfast, dinner and supper, and, of course, upon the man's bending, of course, upon the man's station in life. When an automobile party is stranded nineteen miles from a garage all of the members of it can be fed from the battery in the car. The idea looks better all the time.

Whole families may be fed from an electric lighting plant in the parlor and this will save the trouble of cooking. And then electricity will not smell up the house like corned beef and cabbage does.

The only trouble about Mr. Bergonie's discovery is that it is too good to be true. However pleasant it would be to get a breakfast from an electric belt or get a ten-course dinner from the batteries in the telephone, we fear there is a catch in it somewhere, and it will probably be some time before power-house banquets will become a reality.

From the Hicksville Clarion.

A fellow kid never tell by the looks of a kid how far he kin jump. Abner Hicks, who was the sickest looking kid in the school nine years ago, now gettin' \$10,000 a year playin' first base.

If it wasn't for tires, gasoline and lighting tanks, automobilin' would be a pretty reasonable sort of amusement. Lee Hanks is engaged in his usual spring business, which is diggin' fish worms. His wife is takin' care of the spring plowin'.

If Hank Tumms has enough left after buying his wife a new spring hat, he is going to buy an automobile for himself.

Uncle Ezra Harkins believed he was in need of the absent treatment, so he sent his wife away to visit with her sister for a month.

Len Higgins has won a pair of fine automobile driving gloves in a raffle and now all he has got to do is to go and win a car and he will be fixed, provided somebody gives him enough money to buy a hard work, especially in some places.

It ain't hard to hurt the feelings of a fellow who has got a red nose. It's a good deal harder to get a fellow who ain't a single lady in our midst who will admit that she kin remember the Spanish-American War.

Jefferson, the Democrat

The memorial to Thomas Jefferson to be dedicated at St. Louis this week will be the worthiest of the many that exist, save one—the University of Virginia. Scarcely adequately has any generation, much less his own, appreciated the pioneer place that Jefferson occupies in the history of the nation. Very suitably this new memorial will be educational in its influence as well as refining with its art. Thither will go antiquarians and historians for use of the valuable archives that have to do with the Louisiana purchase and the beginnings of government and social order over the vast region that Napoleon surrendered to the United States for an insignificant sum.

Jefferson's fellow-Virginian successor to the presidency, the present incumbent, in his essay on "A Calendar of Great Americans," denies the title of a great American to the Welsh radical who overthrew the conservative federalists as completely as President Wilson has done the conservatives of his time. A great man Jefferson was, he admits, but not in the same class with Franklin, Henry Clay, Jackson and Lincoln, as men of a type that all Europe could not have produced.

The cause of Jefferson's failure to be typically American, as analyzed by the President, are these: he was abstract, sentimental, rationalistic rather than practical. Touched with the current French political philosophy, Jefferson was a good deal of a doctrinaire. His writing lack hard and practical sense. It was thus that critics also wrote about President-Elect Wilson prior to his inauguration. Now they are saying of him, precisely what he is forced to admit about Jefferson, namely, that "he was a natural leader and manager of men, not because he

Abe Martin

Why does a wife that's big enough To knock a steamboat out o' the water, Call a ninety-pound husband a piker? Wonder if 'till time 'till ever come again when 'till see a gingham dress in church?

Touchin' on and Appertainin' to Advice

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was imperative or masterful, but because of a native shrewdness, tact and sagacity, an inborn art and aptness for combination."

A study of a Jefferson encyclopedia which exists because of an admirer's devotion—makes it evident that Jefferson can be quoted on both sides of many questions, which is far from true of the real doctrinaire of the French type as we understand him. As an administrator, Jefferson did much that he has denounced when in the opposition. In short, despite his unquestioned greater intimacy with the course of French thought of the day than any of his peers among the makers of the nation, he was none the less a typical American, dominating throughout life by that willingness in politics to get what you can when you cannot get all that you want.

That Jefferson stood for a decentralized rather than a centralized form of government, is true unquestionably, but when a great national opportunity came or when duty called, he was quick to obey the signal for action as President Wilson was in the California land law case. If Jefferson had been a being but a sentimentalist or doctrinaire, he never would have inspired the support of the men of his time as he did.—Christian Science Monitor.

Voice of the People

Criticism Jackson Monument Design.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Kindly allow an observer to note two criticisms on the cut of the proposed Jackson statue contained in your issue of April 27.

1. The figure is modeled apparently after the bulky, beety display which appeared on the front of a recent publication.

2. The soldier cap mounted on the top of the great general's scalp is unsightly.

3. No horseman ever drew his reins so awkwardly and in such a cramped posture as this cut shows.

Probably this is merely a tentative drawing and does not indicate the features of the final design.

M. K. Richmond.

"High Culture and the Dictionary." To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—I have just read a letter in Friday's paper, headed as above, and seemingly claiming that the forms of our language should be at the mercy of the whimsical fads of people of "culture," being as capricious and unreasonable in their adoption of what styles of dress and fashion, or of what kind of "culture" can the writer be a lawyer or a theologian to diagnose a case of disease, in like manner neither "culture" along other lines, nor fashion as regards dress or deportment can take the place of a careful study of the genius of language.

Why, then, should we refuse to be

Pray, what would our language gain by causing the word opponent to part company with deponent, exponent, and others similar? Such silliness is rather an evidence of a want of culture, or of neglected education along certain lines which we find in many public speakers, who excel in some department of life, and are entirely foreign to accuracy of spelling or pronunciation. As we do not call in a lawyer or a theologian to diagnose a case of disease, in like manner neither "culture" along other lines, nor fashion as regards dress or deportment can take the place of a careful study of the genius of language.

Why, then, should we refuse to be

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QUERIES & ANSWERS

Wants a Dog.

Do you know where I may buy a St. Bernard dog? A. W. Certainly, and we shall be glad to inform you if you will send a stamp to prepay private reply. Names of business firms will not be given in this column.

Protective Orders.

What lodges or orders are there in Richmond which involve the idea of aiding members in case of sickness? INQUIRER.

All of them.

A Large Order. Will you please publish a list of all officers in the State of Virginia, what office each man holds and the duties and the salary. The people would like to know.

M. G. If our friend will make up for us such a list from his own county, and one or two adjoining counties, he will by the time he finishes get some notion of the extent of the task he has set us. The Secretary of the Commonwealth can furnish the report of his office, and this contains names, etc., of many officials in Virginia. No more complete list may be had.

Women Voters.

Where may I get information about the good accomplished by women voters? M. P. TRENT. The Equal Suffrage League, Bryan Building, Richmond, Va., will send you the matter you desire.

Paternalism.

Does the government lend money to people to buy land and stock? C. F. S.

No.

The United States. How many States and Territories are now in the United States, and what islands belong to them? MISS F. Z.

Forty-eight States, three Territories, Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Tutuila and islets, Guam, Panama Strip, Hawaii is a Territory.

Is "Menases" Singular?

Does one use "menases" as singular or plural? A SUBSCRIBER. The singular is preferred.

Visitors to Our City

In attendance on the NATIONAL PLAYGROUND CONGRESS are cordially invited to call at the

NATIONAL STATE AND CITY BANK

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for any banking service they may desire.

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Julien H. Hill, Cashier.